

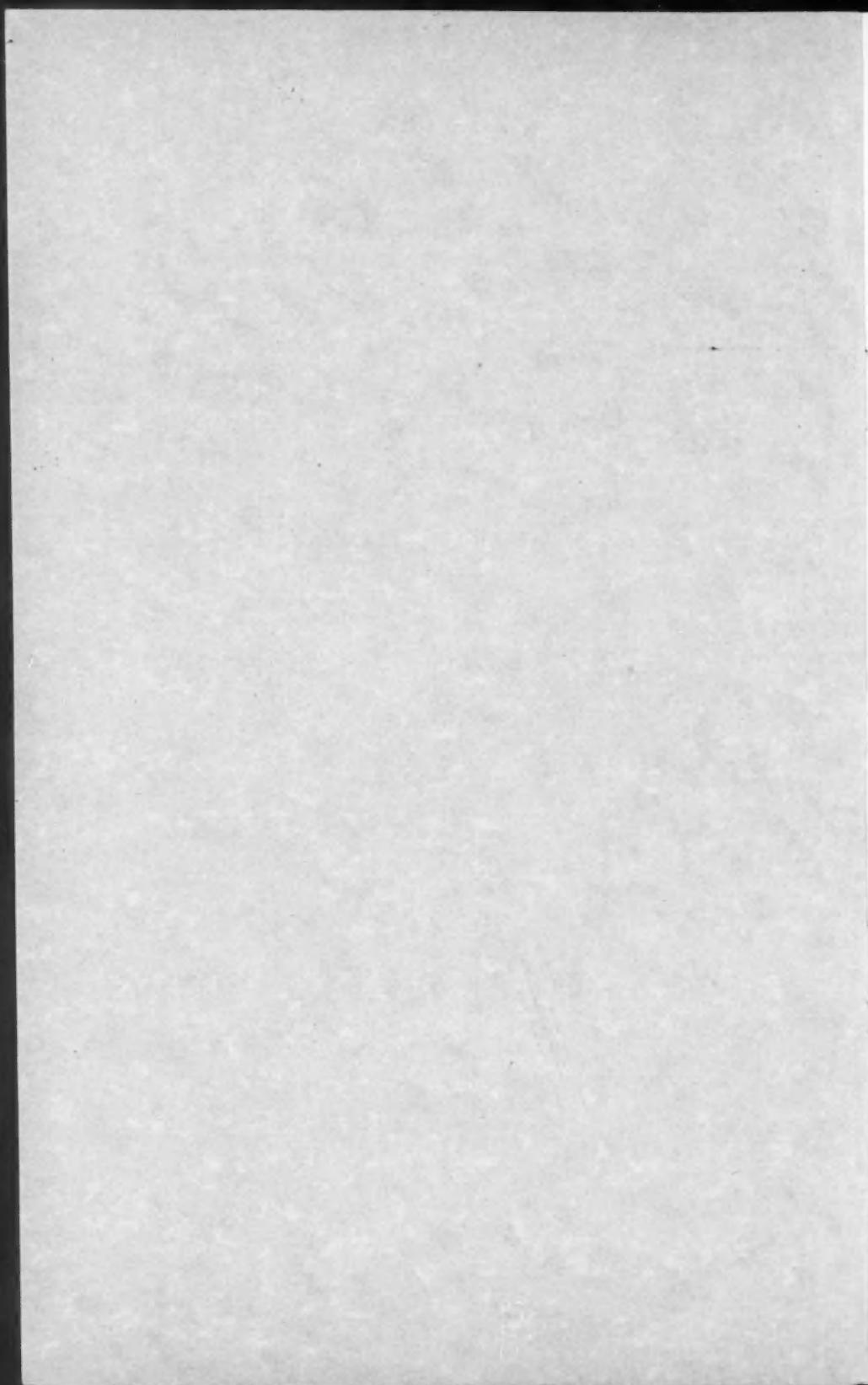
# THE CONSORT

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#### FOREWORD

**G**RATEFUL thanks are due to all those who have generously given their contributions to form this issue of **THE CONSORT** :—

Mabel Dolmetsch for yet another instalment of her personal recollections of Arnold Dolmetsch, illustrated by photographs from her private collection.

Carl Dolmetsch for a most welcome clarification of the relative positions of Recorder and Flute in the 17th and 18th centuries, and printed here by courtesy of the Council of the Royal Musical Association.

Diana Poulton for providing a vivid glimpse of some state occasions at the court of Queen Elizabeth I, and a song to the lute by Her Majesty's favourite singer, Robert Hales.

Nathalie Dolmetsch for a short but expert survey of John Jenkins' life and works.

Our illustrations include the recently re-discovered portrait of Domenico Scarlatti, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. C. Vere Pilkington, who not only put his photographs at our disposal, but obtained from Professor Reynaldo dos Santos permission to reproduce them in **THE CONSORT**.

On another page will be found some first-hand information with which Mr. Pilkington kindly provided me.

*The Editor.*

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*This copy is No.*

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF

ARNOLD DOLMETSCH

BY

MABEL DOLMETSCH

PART 8

THE INTERVAL between Arnold's return from his European excursion and our final departure from the hospitable West that had nurtured us for seven years, proved longer than we had expected; but the intervening six months were most profitably employed by him. Not only was he able to finish, at his leisure, all the outstanding work in his department at the Chickering Factory, but he was also free to fulfil a number of interesting concert engagements. Among these, the most noteworthy was a course of twelve illustrated lectures at Harvard University, covering four centuries of musical history.

These lectures were delivered in the Fogg Museum, whose delightful hall was remarkably favourable to our instruments, and outstandingly so to the viols. Our broken consorts now, for the first time, included the recorder, the instrument employed being, of course, the ancient boxwood and ivory recorder which Arnold had brought over from England. It was played by his first recorder pupil, namely, the Harvard Professor Peabody, a distinguished anthropologist, who was, besides, a skilled amateur flautist in his moments of recreation.

The introduction of the recorder appeared to us at the time in the light of an amusing novelty, bringing a new flavour into our consorts. Little did we guess at the myriads of descendants that would issue from this solitary "grain of mustard seed"!

The whole series of lectures was a brilliant success, the hall on each occasion being crowded to the limit. The musical illustrations were performed by ourselves, assisted by Charles Adams, Professor Peabody, and our usual company of string players and singers, augmented by certain talented young Harvard students with their clear fresh voices. Having the whole twelve lectures to provide with adequate musical illustrations, Arnold adroitly rang the changes among the members of this galaxy of performers, using all to the best advantage.

I look upon this final outburst as the very pinnacle of his pioneer work in America. It originated in the minds of two of

his particular friends, James Muirhead (a partner in Baedeker's European Guide Books) and his enterprising wife, Helen. This gracious lady was a lavish entertainer of all the European visiting professors; consequently, her suggestion of the lecture course was enthusiastically accepted by the Harvard authorities. Our last concert in America took place at the house of Professor Peabody and holds a special place in my recollection on account of Cécile (then celebrating her seventh birthday) having taken part as treble viol player in Morley fantasies and seventeenth century English consort pieces. An auditor confided to me that a lump had risen in his throat as he watched that innocent child playing her part with such calm assurance.

The sad necessity now bore down upon us of having to sell our dear little house. Many happy memories were attached thereto, and many more to the whole period of our sojourn in America.

To go back in time, one delightful experience comes back to me that occurred during a holiday trip to snowcapped Mount Moosilawk, whose lower reaches were covered with dense forests. On the morning after our arrival, Arnold and I set forth jauntily to explore the outer fringes of this vast, leafy labyrinth. He took his lute with him, and I my painting materials. Coming at last to rest with his back against a huge tree, Arnold (like Orpheus of old) drew forth his lute and began to play. There followed sundry queer rustling noises, to which we paid no heed until suddenly, on glancing upwards, I beheld the beautiful face of a young deer, apparently listening to the music with rapt attention. Nearer and nearer it came, always moving in circles. Then, unfortunately, there occurred the distant yapping of dogs. The spell was broken; and the lovely creature vanished in a flash.

When we returned to the hotel, Arnold remarked airily to the proprietress: "Your tame deer seems to have enjoyed the music of my lute!" "Tame deer?" said she: "we *have* no tame deer. All the animals round here, barring dogs, are wild. Last week, as I looked out of my bedroom window early in the morning, I saw a large black bear standing in the road, opposite to this house. As to rattlesnakes, we have plenty of them."

On a subsequent occasion we were accompanied in our rambles by Cécile (then a three-year-old). We had penetrated some distance into the sombre depths when Cécile announced that she was thirsty. Here was a dilemma! Arnold decided that the best solution would be for me to stay quietly on the spot in charge of our various burdens (of what these consisted I cannot

imagine) while he and Cécile went in search of a running brook! So I sat there, immobile as a statue, amid mysterious creakings and cracklings and stealthy rustlings, while thoughts of the creatures of the wild, including black bears, coursed through my mind. At last the wanderers returned, cheerful and refreshed, and I was able once again to breathe freely.

In the summer of the following year we journeyed by rail, boat and buggy with our whole family into the Catskill Mountains, where there existed a thriving community of artists and craftsmen and women. Here we were lodged in a pleasant bungalow and took our meals in a large central one which was used as a general restaurant. The whole community worked under the sponsorship of an enterprising Englishman named Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead. A species of summer school, specialising in the plastic arts, was also organised by his American wife (an ardent follower of the Ruskin tradition) for children and adolescents. Our function in this *milieu* was to provide the music. We therefore gave a series of concerts in which we were joined, for the vocal items, by two young girls with pleasingly contrasted voices, to whom Arnold taught some ancient songs and dialogues. Most of this interesting band of artworkers dispersed at the close of the summer season. A notable exception consisted of two weaving ladies, who lived in a cottage on the crest of one of the seven peaks comprising the domain of Mr. Whitehead. This valiant pair passed the entire winter in isolation, living on their stores, and plying their looms day in day out, while wolves (so they told me) prowled and howled around their house and garden.

One afternoon during our stay, as we sat around sunning ourselves after lunch, the company was somewhat startled by the arrival of two swarthy men from the South of France, leading in their wake two large brown bears, denizens of the Rocky Mountains. They had caught and tamed these formidable animals unaided, which daring exploit had apparently not been attempted hitherto. Their captors sang weird songs while the bears went through their repertoire of tricks. The male bear ended by climbing up a tree, at which his master expostulated, calling out: "Descends tout de suite, toi! Tu vas déchirer ta culotte!" One elderly lady enquired of Arnold what this meant and when he translated it looked rather shocked. Rosa, the female bear, was of a milder disposition than her mate; so Lili, now arrived at the age of three, had the honour of riding on her back. Great was the interest of her young brother Rudolph, who strained forward in his excitement (though clasping my hand tightly the while) and was seemingly as bewitched by the strange chantings as were the bears.

It was a cause of intense gratification to Arnold that all his children inherited the musical gift of their Dolmetsch forefathers. Rudolph, while still scarcely able to speak, could already sing; and in my mind's eye I can see him sitting in his high chair at table singing the tune of "Sur le pont d'Avignon," looking at us the while enquiringly with his large dark eyes, as though to say: "Am I doing it right?" By the time of our departure for France he was already four years old, and composed, on board ship, his first little tune, entitled "Les Cloches de mes Soldats," for the psaltery. The said "Soldats" were of the wooden variety, now a thing of the past, and represented for him the equivalent of his sister's dolls.

The ship that bore us over to France was called a "tourist steamer" and was closely packed with French families journeying eastward with their progeny for holidays in their homeland, doubtless to appease their overpowering homesickness. It was incongruously named the *Chicago*, and was a most leisurely vessel, calculated to take ten days over the voyage. As the weather was lovely and the sea calm as a glistening lake, we found this quite pleasant. Gradually, however, we discovered that the equipment on board was badly in need of repair. We were, in consequence, considerably slowed down by engine trouble; and the voyage, instead of taking ten days, occupied a full twelve. Finally we reached Le Harve late at night, amid a dense fog. The wireless operator confided to Arnold that we had narrowly escaped going on the rocks. He attributed our salvation to the fact that only one of the engines was in working order, our speed being thereby reduced by half.

There was a train in waiting to convey the exhausted passengers to Paris; but, seeing that it was now within one hour of midnight, we elected to put up at the station hotel. Next morning we went for a charming country walk, during which, to the delight of the children, we came across a number of real live snails! Strange to say, in our American rambles we had never found anything but hoards of empty shells, which circumstance puzzled us greatly, calling to mind the dilemma of "the Walrus and the Carpenter" at the close of their seaside orgy.

On reaching Paris, we found kind Albert waiting on the station platform, who, after warm expressions of welcome, escorted us to the boarding house in which he had found temporary accommodation for us. It was a most *uncomfortable* place, strange to say, and the food very paltry. Fortunately, we quickly found a pleasant little house in Fontenay-sous-Bois,

within walking distance of the Gaveau Factory. It bore the appropriate address of "3 rue de l'Audience," and had been occupied by a thrifty Swiss family, who left us with a nicely tended garden, some fowls and sundry convenient fittings. While having none of the glamour of our former residence, it was, nevertheless, solid and agreeable. The ancient townlet was well supplied with shops and a bi-weekly market. It bordered moreover on the immense forest of Vincennes, with its large lake and wide grassy margins. It now formed a kind of suburb of Paris, lying just within the outer fortifications; but many of its old rural features still hung about it, and people were allowed to keep cows, pigs and poultry right in the centre of the town. By a strange coincidence our neighbours on either side had the quaintly analogous names of "Madame Mouton" and "Monsieur Cochon."

The presence of large companies of Zouaves, swaggering along in their highly picturesque uniforms, and the sound of their various bugle calls made life seem vivid and colourful. Rudolph soon learned to imitate these calls, first of all on a toy instrument, and afterwards on a genuine bugle, with the utmost ease and fluency. I have sometimes wondered whether the said buglers were puzzled by these mysterious echoes of their fanfares.

The streets were alive with musical cries issuing from the throats of vendors of cooked tripe and new laid eggs, gipsy tinkers, poodle clippers, and menders of broken china. The local "raccordmeur de porcelaine" was by far the most musical of the lot. His vocal contributions, produced through a small reed instrument, were surcharged with florid ornamentation interrupted at intervals by noisy disputes between himself and his wife.

Arnold's department at the Gaveau factory was soon successfully organised, being manned by highly skilled workmen, mostly hailing from the south of France. The faithful Ericsson, who had followed him to France, found favour in the sight of Monsieur Gaveau and was therefore installed as foreman.

It now behoved us to adapt ourselves to this new and more restricted mode of existence which differed radically from the happy-go-lucky American life to which we had grown accustomed, wherein money flowed in and out freely. In France our style of living was governed within narrower limits; and money came and went by the spoonful.

Hardly had we settled down when a new and joyful event took place; this was the birth of a second son, whom we named

Carl Fredéric, in memory of Arnold's cousin (the eldest son of *l'Oncle Fredéric Dolmetsch*). The new baby, while not of the robust proportions of his elder brother, who at birth turned the scales at 10lbs., was nevertheless an ideally healthy child of a contented disposition. Arnold was so much enchanted at having another son that he wrote to my relations in England, describing him in the most exaggerated terms; so that people wrote and congratulated me on my having given birth to this *enormous* baby!

Meanwhile, Arnold's work at the factory made rapid progress, and a number of fine harpsichords, equipped with the 16ft. register, were produced. As regards their exterior decoration, Monsieur Gaveau favoured the seventeenth-century French style of cabinet work rather than the more antique lacquered finish. As these French workmen were adepts in the art of marqueterie and cabinet-making, Arnold readily agreed to the change of style, to which he henceforth adhered for the greater part of his keyboard instruments.

One especially ornate harpsichord of this type was displayed at the Ghent Exhibition in 1912. On its return, it was bought straight away by a musical enthusiast named Madame Bergès, who owned a magnificent apartment in the heart of Paris, and in whose spacious drawing room it showed to full advantage. I loved that instrument for its singularly sweet tone. Its owner used to invite us to meet in her drawing room on Saturday afternoons for the performance of seventeenth and eighteenth-century concerted music. Arnold, in the rôle of first violin, allotted the harpsichord parts to a brilliant young pupil named Mademoiselle Léon, who, although only 16 years old, was already an accomplished keyboard player, with a supple and sensitive touch. On one occasion, it had been decided, by special request, that we should perform a certain Bach concerto. Through some mischance, the harpsichordist was not warned of this change of programme, and so arrived with other music. Great was our dismay until she quietly informed us that she was agreeable to attempt to play her part from memory. This feat she accomplished with signal success. One day, as she was practising in our music room, I discovered Rudolph listening spellbound outside the door. He turned towards me with an overawed countenance and said wistfully: "She plays such complicated music! And I can only play simple things." I assured him that before long he also would be playing "complicated music," which prophecy was amply fulfilled. He and his two sisters were already playing trios composed of Elizabethan and other ancient tunes, set by Arnold for treble and tenor viols,



ARNOLD DOLMETSCH TUNING HIS LUTE



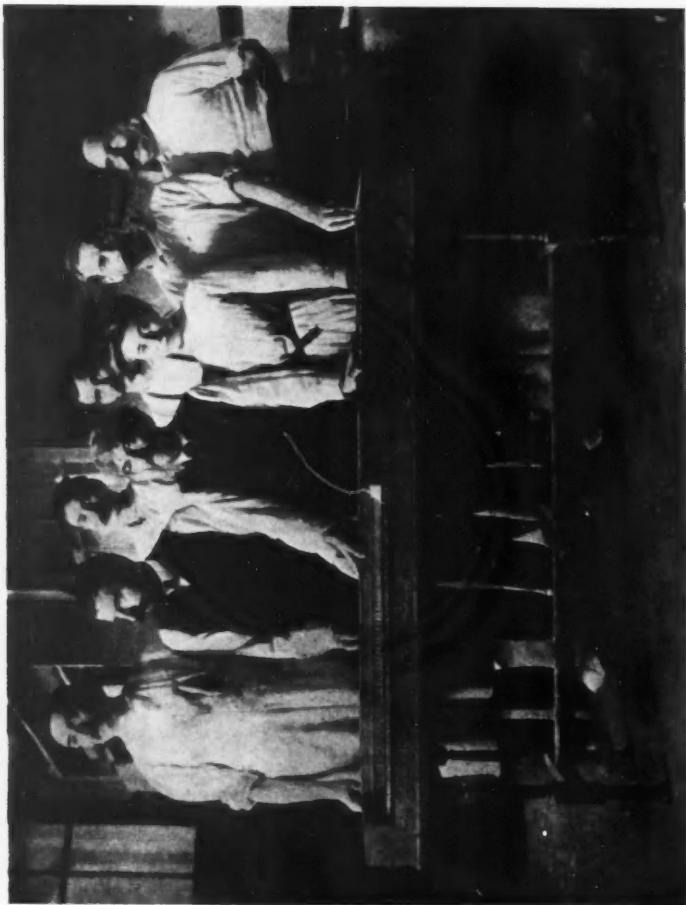
THE CHILDREN IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE  
AT FONTENAY-SOUS-BOIS (1912)



IN FANCY DRESS FOR A GARDEN FETE (1914)



ARNOLD AND MABEL DOLMETSCH  
WITH LUTE AND CITHREN



ARNOLD DOLMETSCH WITH HIS STAFF AT THE GAVEAU FACTORY  
FONTENAY-SOUS-BOIS

played by Cécile and Nathalie, with harpsichord accompaniment for Rudolph. One day Arnold remarked with surprise that Rudolph did not always adhere strictly to the identical setting, but improvised little variations of his own devising. This confirmed Arnold in his theory that *oral* teaching for beginners is conducive to true musicianship.

In addition to our Saturday musical afternoons with Madame Bergès, we held weekly meetings in our own house on Fridays, which were wholly devoted to viol consorts. The players, in addition to Arnold and myself, consisted of three gifted pupils, two of whom were also violinists and the third a 'cellist.

The 'cellist (Mademoiselle Marie-Thérèse de Lens) was an uncommonly interesting young girl, possessed of great independence of outlook. She soon adapted her technique to the viola da gamba and, having learned to play with much skill and charm, used frequently to take part in our concerts.

We gave one concert, surprisingly, in the purlieus of Paris, among the riff-raff of the population, which included a heterogeneous mixture of races. It seemed somewhat problematical whether such an audience would enjoy viol consorts and other early music. To our gratification, they listened attentively and applauded heartily, showing obvious interest and a warmth of appreciation beyond that usually displayed by the more conventional concert goers.

Many other pupils accrued for various instruments, including the lute, the clavichord and the human voice. The first clavichord pupil was Dorothy Swainson. Not only was she the first (in France), but also one of enduring fidelity, since she continues to this day to delight audiences with her performances on this supple and expressive instrument. Describing, in a talk given at one of the recent Haslemere Festivals, her first lesson with Arnold Dolmetsch, she related how, in her exuberant excitement, she had brought with her a whole stack of music. To her surprise, this was ignored, and the entire lesson devoted to the study of one apparently simple Gavotte and the elucidation of the ornamentation, which revealed to her unsuspected beauty and grace.

Close on her heels there followed Jean Sinclair, who had been one of the students at Vassar College when Arnold gave his clavichord recital there, on which occasion they combined to buy the instrument for the College. Having now graduated from Vassar, Jean journeyed to Paris to put herself under the tutelage of Arnold, whose firm adherent and wellwisher she

became thenceforth. She is at present living in Philadelphia, and will be best known to our readers under her married name of Jean Buchanan.

Among the vocal pupils was an Italian lady named Nina Russell (wife of the conductor of the Boston Opera), who had already studied the lute with Arnold in America, and was now staying in a Paris flat wherein all was snow white, from the walls to her own attire, which included white sandals. She had a colourful voice of low range, and, in physique, somewhat resembled the Signora Duse. In her train she brought the wife of Maeterlinck, Madame Georgette Leblanc, whom Arnold had met some years previously at a supper party given by the Stage Society after the performance of *Monna Vana*, in which she had taken the name part. It had been presented by this private society on account of the censor having forbidden its performance at a public theatre. This tall and sinuous lady, with the large and lambent eyes, desired that Arnold should coach her in some of the English lyrics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These, she imagined, Maeterlinck would be able to translate into French verse for her, with the utmost ease. Arnold, however, had doubts on this point; and it would appear that, owing to the difference of idiom, his doubts were well founded, since after a few visits, she faded away.

The inevitable parting from all our American friends had occasioned us much regret. It was nevertheless to some extent mitigated owing to the fact that Paris and its environs formed a strong focal point towards which congregated many of our acquaintances from across the Atlantic Ocean, and also from England. Very welcome from the American side were Helen Hope-Kirk and husband, and Harold Bauer (virtuoso pianist, plus violinist, whom Arnold both liked and esteemed as an excellent musician). A little later came an enthusiastic amateur musician and collector of rare musical instruments named Mr. Warren, who had been a frequent visitor at our house in Cambridge, Massachusetts. For him, time was untrammelled, so that he could converse and argue for some hours at a stretch on musical subjects and problems without the least detriment to his other concerns. I was a little bit uneasy as to how I was going to combine appropriate hospitality with the attention due to my two-months-old baby. Fortunately, this tactful child slept soundly throughout the entire period, without uttering a single cry; and our visitor left well satisfied and unaware of my dilemma!

On January 1st, 1912, we made our first return journey to England, accompanied by our young family, Carl being by then between five and six months old.

To set foot once again on English soil, after a lapse of seven years, was for me a deeply emotional experience; and I can remember almost weeping at the sight of a real English penny, and greeting joyfully the strong railway tea and stodgy cake served on the Chatham and Dover line to Victoria. A thick, white mist soon descended on us, showing the sun as a huge red ball. The children thought this very pretty, and Cécile likened it to a Japanese picture. On the following day we proceeded to Goldenlands Farm, Dorking. By this time the cold had become intense; but the cherubs did not appear to notice it, beyond becoming more apple-cheeked. After settling them in the charge of a temporary nurse procured by Mrs. Wanham (the farmer's wife of old times) we embarked on a concert tour of England and Scotland, punctuated by two concerts held in dear old Clifford's Inn, wherein we were joined by Cécile, who had by this time acquired a varied repertoire of English and French music for the treble viol, and who acquitted herself of her part therein with perfect poise. So pleasant was this return to our old familiar surroundings, among friends and fellow musicians of long standing, that we decided to make a yearly practise of these visits.

On the second occasion, three of the children joined us in the Clifford's Inn concerts, which event was proudly announced in Arnold's concert brochure, in the following words: "Miss Cécile Dolmetsch will play the Treble Viol again this season. Furthermore, her younger sister Nathalie, who has studied the Tenor Viol, and the still younger brother, Rudolph, who plays the Virginals, will join her and her parents in choice Consorts, thus reviving the custom which prevailed in English homes in the 16th and 17th centuries."

In both these concerts we were assisted, as of old, by the ever devoted Beatrice Horne; and, in the second one, our ranks were further swelled by the addition of Violet Gordon Woodhouse and the Langley-Mukle String Quartet, for the performance of the Bach C minor Concerto for two harpsichords. As Beatrice Langley suddenly fell ill, her place was taken by her charming young friend, Marjorie Hayward, with the suavely pleasing tone and the auriol of red-gold hair. In between these two performances we managed to insert a whole string of concerts, which took us around England, Scotland and Wales, meanwhile distributing our children among their various English relatives.

This experience greatly improved their English, which, up to this time, had been distinctly Frenchified, as for example in Nathalie's lament when (having mislaid a treasured stump of Christmas-tree candle), she wailed: "I cannot find my chandelle green!" It was Arnold's desire that, once we were domiciled in France, I should speak English exclusively to the children. I did my best under difficulties, seeing that French had hitherto been the family language, and was now, moreover, to be heard all around us. When, however, on our return to England in 1914, he announced solemnly: "And now you must speak *only French* to them," I found this kaleidoscopic reversal hard to accomplish, except in the case of Carl. He, having consistently spoken French from the age of eighteen months onwards, gradually enlarged his vocabulary in that tongue and remained a stranger to English for another two years.

In addition to Arnold's work at the Gaveau factory, he found it possible to give a good sprinkling of concerts, both at the Salle Gaveau in Paris, and in other places. In most of these engagements we were joined by Marie-Thérèse de Lens and, sometimes, also by Fritz Dolmetsch, who, being of a versatile nature, easily adapted himself to the harpsichord technique. Although both interesting and enjoyable as an experience, these concerts rarely proved exactly remunerative as compared with American standards. There were, nevertheless, some notable exceptions, amongst which there occurred one wherein all was conducted with outstanding sumptuousness. It took place in Nantes and was organised by a curious man who told us that, after having for some years occupied the post of principal violinist at the court of the King of Norway, he now desired to establish his reputation in France. To this end he purposed to give a grand gala concert in his native town of Nantes, employing therein only musicians of rare distinction. He wished particularly to ensure that the ladies (Marie-Thérèse and myself) should be gorgeously attired and wear a lot of jewellery, adding: "*Et surtout beaucoup de bagues aux doigts.*" He himself had his hair beautifully curled for the occasion.

We found on arrival that the remaining members of his cast included the celebrated composer, Madame Cécile Chaminade, with two additional string players to complete her ensemble, of whom the 'cellist was that year's "Premier Prix du Conservatoire de Paris." He (besides taking part in the performance of Madame Chaminade's compositions) also played some solo pieces in a style that was ferociously brilliant. Madame Chaminade showed herself to be an accomplished pianist and leader, who guided and controlled her fellow performers with tact and skill.

We gave our own section of the entertainment about half-way through the evening, and enjoyed a most cordial reception. The hero of the evening was in a wild state of excitement throughout; and when it came to our turn to go on, he danced round Marie-Thérèse and me, asking us in sibilant tones: "Maintenant Mesdames! Etes-vous prêtes? Etes-vous *d'aplomb*?" His own virtuosic performance was the climax of the evening. Herein, despite his scintillations, I really felt most anxious, lest in his overwrought condition he should suddenly break down. Mercifully, he came through it successfully, the only danger being a frantic vibrato from start to finish.

At the close, the ladies of the party were all presented with giant bouquets; and altogether, what with the gracious reception, the substantial fees, and the excellent hotel accommodation, we felt that we had been treated with a generosity that was perfectly touching. We never heard how this strange person eventually prospered; and, unfortunately, I have forgotten his name.

On the return journey, there was a short halt at Le Mans, of which Arnold's mother availed herself to come and meet us at the station and hear all about our adventures. When I proudly displayed my huge bouquet, she asked me to give her a flower from it. Taking her at her word, I made ready to detach one, whereupon Arnold, nudging me, said: "Don't be silly! Give her the whole lot!" I hastened to repair my *faux pas*, and had the pleasure of seeing "Grand'mère" bear away the trophy in triumph. It took me some little time to adjust myself to the French idiom and learn *not* to believe the dressmaker, for example, when she implored me not to pay her for her work, as she really only did this kind of thing *pour se divertir*. When I informed Arnold of her extraordinary kindness, he laughed heartily!

It was the custom of the important newspaper *Le Figaro* to announce at the beginning of the autumn the particular attractions and novelties of the coming season in the way of entertainments, samples of which were to be given at the yearly "Five o'Clock" to be held in the "Salon du Figaro." In this particular year we had the honour of being included in the list. It was a most amusing experience. We actually opened the proceedings, to be followed by a flamboyant Italian baritone with a voice of tremendous volume, fluency and range, but whose ardour sometimes engendered extravagant lapses from true intonation. He was determined to achieve a success and, to that end, stationed in the wings some friends destined to create a thunderous applause. I overheard him giving final directions to his accompanist, which terminated with these words: ". . . et quand vous entendrez 'Bravo! Bravo!' vous jouerez ceci."

The sensation of the afternoon was a sample of the Russian Ballet (at that time a novelty in France), which displayed a portion of a Greek ballet, in which the men wore tunics and square-cut hair, and the ladies gracefully ample garments. The two principal performers were Nijinski and Karsavina. Nijinski looked very young, but was both agile and muscular, throwing his partner upwards again and again. The fragile little stage of the *Salon du Figaro* was plainly not constructed for such treatment, and shuddered violently as the lady alighted with an unavoidable thud. No accident occurred, however, and the performance aroused immense enthusiasm, receiving *indeed* thunderous applause, not dependent on any assistance from the back of the stage. It has since occurred to me that, watching from that place of vantage, we were doubtless standing in close proximity to Diaghilev (at that time scarcely a name to us!)

In November of that year we were engaged by Loïe Fuller to provide a musical interlude in her display of dancing at the *Théâtre des Bouffes-Parisiens*, wherein we, clad in picturesque garments, gave a performance of French and Italian music of the Renaissance period. After a few such performances we were joined by our children, who played their trios for viols and virginals with great charm and self-possession, to the delight of the audience. So unsophisticated were they that they were quite taken by surprise at the warmth of their reception, and Rudolph, advancing to the front of the stage, joined heartily in the hand clapping. Then, peeping over the edge, he surveyed the orchestra which played for the dance sections. At the sight of the double-bass he returned to me, whispering in awestruck tones: "Maman! I've just seen an *enormous* viol!" These interim performances were repeated many times with ever-growing success until at last Loïe Fuller became rather annoyed, and removed the "claque," i.e., the hired supers who in French theatres always started the applause. This, however, made no difference, and even the gentle clavichord, despite some suspiciously unaccountable noises behind the scenes, came in for its full share of appreciation with the rest. One afternoon a rumour was spread around that Gabrielle d'Annuzio was present in the theatre. Great was the excitement behind the scenes, where, as soon as the performance came to an end, he made his appearance. After responding with courteous congratulations to the ecstatic greetings of Loïe Fuller, he then bowed himself away and approaching Arnold, went into raptures over the musical interlude, asking *who* was the lady with the viol, whom he could only liken to a Renaissance Angel? He then disappeared for a while, to rejoin us in the "foyer" where, with a deep obeissance,

he presented me with a bouquet of Palma violets. Asking Arnold where we lived, he thereupon offered to accompany us to Fontenay-sous-Bois; and so we all made our way back there in a capacious taxi, driven by his special taxi driver, whom he retained at his beck and call whilst sojourning in Paris. Knowing that he was a vegetarian, I hastily despatched our cook, Clémence, to procure a complete banquet of noncarnivorous character. Fortunately one could easily accomplish such feats in France in those days, as all the shops remained open until 10 p.m. So the whole family regaled itself heartily; after which, having settled the little ones in their beds, I rejoined Arnold and our surprising guest in our music room, where we passed an evening of music and fantastic talk until far into the night. D'Annunzio told us that he was engaged in writing a play round a certain famous ballerina, and that he would now like to enlarge the scope of his plot so to include Arnold and myself. My role was to be that of a blind player of the viol named "Spinola." He finally left us in the small hours of the morning. Next day Clémence informed us that the taxi driver had been extremely astonished at the inconsequent behaviour of his employer, exclaiming: "He must be *very* fond of those people! I can't understand it; because he was engaged to dine with some very important people in Paris tonight!"

From then onwards d'Annunzio unfolded his project in a series of voluminous missives, addressed to Arnold, and despatched by telegram. He moreover explained that this imposing production was to be financed by the ballerina herself, she being the mistress of a Russian Grand Duke, and consequently very wealthy. Finally he took Arnold to visit the lady: and here came the breaking point! Arnold, according to his own account, was tactlessly facetious, and when he was taken into her studio, and observed at the far end of this sumptuous apartment a cage full of monkeys, he asked her if these were her models. She looked affronted. Whether for this reason, or because she did not wish to have another woman taking (as d'Annunzio seemed to imply) a prominent part in the production, the affair gradually petered out. The play was indeed performed, but all the musical instruments were stage properties handled by supers, while a hidden orchestra played in the background. At the time, it seemed rather disappointing; but in reality it was a providential escape from a useless digression, thus setting Arnold free for work of more lasting value.

Soon after this occurrence we journeyed to Toulouse to fulfil a concert engagement. Our stay in this part of France was a

truly delightful experience; and we were entertained in regal fashion by our charming hosts. We were interested to note that it was the earlier music which seemed to arouse the greatest enthusiasm among these people of the South, rather than the more florid eighteenth-century compositions. We much enjoyed listening to their vivacious talk and boisterous arguments, interspersed with "non non non non non" and "si si si si si," and noting their mode of speech in which all the consonants were sounded in mediaeval fashion. D'Annunzio had announced his intention of joining us in Toulouse (to discuss his plans, presumably, for the forthcoming production), but failed to materialise, doubtless somewhat embarrassed by the unexpected dénouement.

During our enforced absence from home, it was kind Ericsson with his wife and daughter who came and lived in our house, to fill the rôle of foster-parents. At other times, when we took the children away on holidays, we could always rely on our faithful Clémence to act as guardian in chief. On hearing of our seaside visit to the coast of Normandy, whence the young ones returned with peach-like complexions, Grand'mère protested that we could just as easily have brought them to Le Mans. She herself had only visited the sea coast once in her life! So in 1913 we changed our course and went to a quaint little village within easy distance of Le Mans, named Montfort le Routrou, famed for the breeding of racehorses. Here we lodged in a hotel that was renowned throughout the district for its superb cuisine. From there we were able to establish contact with almost the entire Dolmetsch family.

Great was the pride of Grand'mère and the delight of the saintly Tante Nathalie (who lived in a convent) when Rudolph played to them some Elizabethan Airs with captivating grace and fluency. Grand'mère, *enchanted*, turned to her sister and pronounced, in a strange whisper: "*Il est entièrement de notre côte.*" She most strongly favoured the Savoyard type, with her vivacious dark eyes, her wealth of hair (originally jet black), her vast store of proverbs and tags, and her fertile imagination: I recall a particular occasion while she was staying with us at Fontenay-sous-Bois when, after having provided three distinct explanations of a certain course of action, she finally turned to Arnold and said: "*Et maintenant je vais te dire ce qui est vraiment arrivé*!" When, however, there was a question of some business transaction, she became a changed person, entirely practical, lucid and remarkably astute. Her son by her second marriage (Charles Gouge), whilst inheriting her lively imagina-

tion, lacked her business acumen. During World War I, he attained distinction as an intrepid fighter pilot. Edgard I did not see, as he died of heart disease shortly before our arrival in France.

Work at the Gaveau factory continued to progress most satisfactorily, Arnold having the gift of inspiring his fellow workers with his own lively enthusiasm. Monsier Gaveau, although consistently friendly, did not follow the generous example of Messrs. Chickering in allowing Arnold's name to appear upon the instruments of his own design. Only at the urgent request of a few privileged customers, such as Violet Gordon Woodhouse, was it inscribed, in his handwriting, upon a corner of the wrest planks. It was at Violet's suggestion that he produced, in 1913, the smaller model of clavichords, having a compass of four octaves, in place of the large five-octave instruments which had prevailed hitherto (with the exception of a trio of small pentagonal clavichords, made in 1899 at No. 7, Bayley Street).

Violet's desire for a smaller instrument arose from a wish to be able to transport her clavichord to the houses of her friends, tucked away safely on a shelf, specially constructed in the front of her carriage. Arnold, however, reaped other advantage; for these compact little clavichords were found to keep better in tune than the greater part of the longer ones, and, moreover, to produce a more homogenous gradation of tone colour; while their compass of four octaves and one note sufficed for the music of J. S. Bach and his contemporaries. So popular has this type of clavichord become since that time, that it has served as a model for all subsequent makers of clavichords.

It so happened that there were no lutes made at the Gaveau factory; but some of those produced at Chickering's were brought over and sold in France. One went to a pupil named Mademoiselle Mairy, who became a proficient player; one I saw in the hands of Henri Quittard (famous critic and musicologue), and the third was bought by Madame Ecorcheville. It was Henri Quittard, Paul Brunold and Jules Ecorcheville (compiler of the important *Catalogue des fonds de musique ancienne de la Bibliothèque Nationale*), who appeared the most sympathetic among the musicologues of France. Concerning the others, Arnold received the impression that they were a conventional body cherishing immutable theories, who regarded him as an unwelcome innovator.

On the occasion of a formal meeting of the "Société Internationale de Musique," we gave, at the close of their prolonged

discussions (during which they worried their arguments to the bone), a short concert of Ancient Music of a varied character, in which we were joined by Fritz, Marie-Thérèse and Cécile. We had imagined that this learned body would have been pleased to listen to some live music; but we were soon undeceived on this point! They appeared quite uninterested; and some of their number carried on a non-stop conversation from start to finish! Such a gulf did there appear to exist between the theoretical musicians and those who practised the living art. The society's monthly periodical, "Revue Musicale S.I.M.," was under the able editorship of Jules Ecorcheville, and contained many articles of great interest, contributed by eminent authorities from various countries. Among those sent in by Arnold was one on the correct interpretation of the ornaments, indicated by signs, in the music of J. S. Bach. This exposition seemingly aroused no controversy; but when, later on, he presented a short treatise on the ornamentation used by Couperin, and dealt in particular with the uneven performance of rows of notes of apparently equal value (except in such cases wherein the equal spacing was indicated), he shocked the community. One musicologue, on looking over the script, mistook Couperin's vivid, though not always strictly grammatical explanation of these intricacies for Arnold's own composition. He thereupon suggested that Monsieur Dolmetsch had lived for so long away from his native land that he had forgotten how to speak French correctly! Ecorcheville, the perfect diplomat, found a safe outlet from the dilemma by saying to Arnold: "This subject is far too important to be embodied in a mere article. You should write a book about it." Arnold took him at his word; and thus there came into being his book entitled "The Interpretation of the Music of the 17th and 18th Centuries," hailed by Robert Steele as his *Magnum Opus*.

This work, although begun during our last year in France, was completed and published in England. It has so far not been published in any other language, although in anticipation of such a possibility, a French translation has been made by Miss Dorothy Swainson and a German one by Mr. Günther Hellwig, of Lübeck. It is to be hoped that both these undertakings will some day bear fruit.

The period of our sojourn in France was now drawing to a close, with the expiration of the three-year contract made with Monsieur Gaveau. After serious consideration Arnold decided not to renew it; but, instead, to re-establish himself in England, regarded by him as the country of his adoption and his true

spiritual home, whose cultural influences had inspired his life's work, making of it one perpetual and enchanting voyage of discovery.

During our last few months in France Arnold was persuaded by an oddly mysterious man named De Metz (a concert agent by profession) to undertake the nominal conductorship of a choral society, known as "Les Chanteurs de la Renaissance," and devoted to the performance of fifteenth and sixteenth-century vocal music. This post was something of a sinecure, since it was De Metz himself who undertook the training of these singers, preferring, nevertheless, to put a distinguished musician at their head for the actual performance. When Arnold asked him why he did not conduct them himself in public, he clenched his hands and replied doggedly: "Non! Non! Moi, je veux rester à l'ombre!" He quaintly emphasised his attraction towards Arnold by adding: "Quand je vous ai vu pour la première fois, je me suis dit: 'Tiens! J'aime bien ce type-là avec sa cravate rouge et ses yeux brillants'!" So Arnold yielded to his blandishments, and accepted the sinecure.

In the spring of 1914, shortly before our departure, we had the pleasure of accompanying our children to a garden party organised by some ladies, bearing the uncommon name of "Cramoisie." It was to be held in a large garden situated in the heart of Paris, and the children were to be attired in peasant costumes of various countries. It was requested that our children should appear dressed as English peasants! This was rather a problem for me; but I managed to concoct some quasi "Kate Greenaway" short-waisted dresses and picturesque caps for the girls, and a farmer's smock and wide-awake hat for Rudolph, which costumes were admired by Mesdames de Cramoisie as "most charming." There were some amusing entertainments, towards which our children contributed their share, by giving a children's concert full of "sweet delightful airs." The crowning success of the afternoon was a *Guignol* show in which the puppets conversed and jested with the audience. As a finale, the children received presents, and went home with smiling faces.

And now we had to face the arduous task of removal with all our belongings, in Maple's vans, across the sea to dear old England. I remember a very turbulent crossing, during which we were terribly sick; but all ended well, and the wisdom of this apparently improvident removal amply declared itself in the light of later developments.

THE RECORDER AND THE FLUTE

BY

CARL DOLMETSCH

*This article incorporates some material from my paper, "Recorder and German Flute in the 17th and 18th Centuries," delivered to the Royal Musical Association on the 16th of February, 1957, and to be published in the Proceedings of the Association, Vol. 83, 1956-7, and here printed, before such publication, by courtesy of the Council of the Association.*

WHEN MY FATHER started his pioneer work, he must have realised almost immediately that early music should be played on the instruments for which it was written, not from any antiquarian interest in "authenticity" *per se*, but so that the music of past centuries (which was largely forgotten or else was being played in 19th century style on modern instruments unsuited to it) should be re-born in all its pristine freshness and beauty.

Among the large number of instruments which he reinstated, the recorder, which was practically obsolete in 1900, is today the most popularly widespread and accessible of them all. So much so, that the time has come (and it is of some importance) to clarify the relative position of the recorder and the flute in the music-making of the past. This is not as straightforward as one might think, owing to the fact that for a long period, in England, the term "recorder" was dropped and the instrument was called the "flute."

In the 16th century, the recorder and the side-blown flute were called—as now—by their correct names. The inventory of "Instruments of Soundrie Kindes" compiled after the death of that great collector and music-lover, Henry VIII, included no fewer than 75 recorders, 72 flutes and six fifes. This is but one instance where documents from royal households differentiate clearly between recorder and flute. Their numbers in this collection are almost evenly balanced. This may of course have been pure coincidence. But when one reads that in 1543 Princess Mary presented a New Year's gift of ten shillings to the flute players and the same sum to the recorder players of the royal household; and that, at Queen Elizabeth's funeral in 1603, mourning was allowed to seven recorder players and to seven flute players, one feels justified in concluding that the two instruments enjoyed equal status.

To return for a moment to Henry the Eighth's collection, several entries refer to complete sets of recorders "both greate and smale," while bass recorders, some tipped with silver, are listed separately, but there is no hint (apart from the reference to fifes) that the flutes were any but the standard instruments in D. Yet other sizes of flutes existed and had been in use; 16th and 17th century writers such as Virdung, Agricola, Praetorius and Mersenne, all describe and provide fingerings for tenor and bass flutes, rare examples of which may be seen in Verona in the City Museum.

Did these flutes play together in consort, as did the family of recorders?\* There is no reason to suppose that they should not on occasion have done so. But, in general, the flute has been regarded as a solitary instrument and better able to participate singly in "broken" consorts, as may be seen for instance in the well-known painting in the National Gallery of Sir Henry Unton's Masque, where one flute is in company with treble and bass viols, lute, cithren and pandora. Exactly the same combination of instruments is prescribed in Morley's *Consort Lessons* (1599), in Rosseter's *Lessons for Consort* (1609) and again in Sir William Leighton's *Teares or Lamentations* (1614) in which four voices combine with the instruments in a set of 18 "consort songs."

The popular family of recorders seems to have been provided with very little original literature, if this were confined to those rare instances where composers specified their instrumentation. But it should be remembered that 16th and 17th century instrumentation was far more flexible than in later centuries and that recorder and flute players were trained to transpose and adapt at sight much of the music written for other media, as well as the vast amount of consort music and popular tunes in which the composers, many of them anonymous, omitted to specify the instruments.

The titles of some well-known collections fully support the suggestion that wind players were expected to transpose and adapt at sight. A volume of consorts in five parts (1599) by Anthony Holborne are intended (as the author says on the title page) "for Viols, Violins, or other Musicall Winde Instruments." Another example may be seen in the title of John Adson's "Courtly Masquing Ayres, composed to five and six parts for Violins, Consorts and Cornetts" (1621). By the inclusion of the

\*As shown, for instance, in the frontispiece of Ganassi's Recorder Treatise *Fontegara* of 1535, reproduced in *The Consort* of 1955.—Ed.

word "Consorts" in relation to "Violins" and "Cornetts," a consort of viols or recorders is implied, as well as flutes and "broken" consorts. In this work, the composer stipulates that his pieces are "framed only for instruments, of which kinde these are the firste that have ever been printed," which goes to show how widespread was the practise at that time of including singers in instrumental consorts. He then testily remarks "should any curious carper cast his Venome, I will only stop his mouth with his owne Ignorance."

During the greater part of the 17th century, the early cylindrical flute was somewhat at a disadvantage in relation to the recorder, whose conical bore and ingenious fingering gave it sure intonation and chromatic completeness, to a degree which makes one wonder why the flute remained so long undeveloped in this respect.

It is due to the ingenuity of a famous family of French makers and players of woodwind instruments, the Hotteterres, that the cylindrical flute was transformed into a fine one-keyed conical one, probably between 1670 and 1680. These rapidly found their way to all parts of Europe, and it seems possible that they reached Hanoverian England via Germany. Hence their appellation, "*German Flute*," although it originated in France. This name was adopted for it in England and served to differentiate it from the "Flute" or "English Flute," as the recorder was already being called over here. It is thought to have been first introduced to this country by J. B. Loeillet in 1705. In any case, it is safe to say that, but for this metamorphosis, the transverse flute in its earlier form would have been faced with virtual extinction, had it not been given new life by the changes introduced by the Hotteterre family.

As it was, from about 1700 onwards, splendid music was written for the "*German Flute*" ("*Flute traversière*" or "*Traverso*" for short) by Bach, Handel, Loeillet, Telemann, and a very large number of lesser composers.

These flutes are in some ways, especially as regards pure intonation, more difficult to play than the modern flute, with its elaborate key mechanism devised by Theobald Boehm in the 19th century.

Hawkins, in his *History of Music* (1776) remarked somewhat cynically that "the German flute still retains some degree of estimation among gentlemen whose ears are not nice enough to inform them that it is never in tune." Let us not be influenced by so sweeping a statement, but realise that, within reasonable limits, any wind instrument can be in or out of tune according to the ear and skill of the performer.

Quantz one requested his friend Hasse to introduce him to Alessandro Scarlatti, but received the reply: "My son, you know I cannot stand 'blowing' instrumentalists, they all 'blow' falsely." Nevertheless, Alessandro finally consented to hear Quantz, after which he wrote some flute solos for him.

With the flute, as with the recorder, the player has so much control over the pitch of his notes, that a performer with a "nice" ear can play in better tune on an inferior instrument than a clumsy player on a first-class one.

It has been stated more than once that in the 18th century the transverse flute usurped the place of the recorder. This is totally untrue. Having supplied the needs of all kinds of music-making, be they sociable consorts or simple tunes and dances, the recorder kept pace with the tremendous musical developments in chamber music, solos, and concertos in the 18th century and, rising to the occasion, proved that it could serve the virtuoso as well.

The tutor from which Arnold Dolmetsch taught himself to play a Bressan recorder in 1903 was published by Walsh in 1700. It is called *The Compleat Flute-Master or the whole Art of playing on ye Rechorder, layd open in such easy and plain instructions, that by them ye meanest capacity may arrive to a perfection on that Instrument.*

The art of playing Divisions on a ground bass was all the rage, and it is not surprising that collections such as *The Division Violist* and *The Division Violin* should be followed by a companion volume entitled *The Division Flute*. This contains a wealth of elaborate divisions, including the traditional "Greensleeves to a Ground."

The music of famous composers became fair game for arrangements and publications for the "flute," some of them very successful. About 1710, Corelli's violin solos and trios were transcribed by the recorder virtuoso, J. C. Schickhardt. His portrait, which is in my possession, shows him holding a fine treble recorder, apparently the identical twin of the instrument on which Arnold Dolmetsch taught himself to play. On a table by Schickhardt's side can be seen a volume bound in red leather, on which is printed in gilt lettering: "Corelli's Solos for the Flute."

It now becomes quite obvious that from 1700 onwards the recorder was in firm possession of the name "Flute." The change must have come about gradually during the last years of the 17th century, partly in consequence of the vogue for having all things French or "Frenchified."

In 1679, Evelyn, referring to the recorder by its French name, *Flûte douce*, remarked that it was much in request to accompany the voice, a function which the 18th century composers Handel, Bach, Telemann and Pepusch recognised and exploited in many important works. Evelyn was not alone in calling the recorder "*flûte douce*." Many references to the instrument by that name appear about this time. Sir George Etheridge mocks this affectation in his *Man of Mode* (1676), when one of his characters asks: "What? Are you of the number of ladies whose ears are grown so delicate since our operas that you can be charmed with nothing but *flûtes douces* and French *haut-boys*?"

Another name for the recorder which appears on 18th century title pages is "Common Flute"—be it noted, not in any derogatory sense, but meaning current or normal. Burney always distinguished carefully between "Common" and "German" flute.

The amount of music appearing for recorder and for transverse flute at this time is so vast that I cannot attempt anything like a survey of it all here. I will, however, mention one or two examples. Handel's famous Opus I (circa 1724) contains four sonatas for *flauto* (recorder) and three for *flauto traverso*. The style and range of the works reveal how precisely they were designed for each instrument. J. S. Bach scored for both instruments with extreme sensitivity. In Cantata 180, for instance, in the opening chorus two recorders are required, with oboe, oboe da caccia and strings. For the succeeding Aria, a transverse flute plays the obligato, while the recorders enter again with *tutti li strumenti* for the great soprano Aria which follows. The Brandenburg Concertos also provide for both instruments. Number V clearly calls for *une Traversière*, whereas No. IV names *due flauti d'Echo*, that is, recorders in G. In Concerto II a normal treble recorder is called simply *flauto*.

An interesting development was the appearance of works in which the two instruments play together, displaying by contrast the beauty and individual timbre of each. There are works by composers like Quantz and Telemann who themselves were known to have been fine performers on both instruments.

The recorder is generally supposed to have become obsolescent during the 1700's. I am inclined to think that the process was more gradual and that it lingered on here and there until the moment when both it and the "German flute" were definitely superceded by Boehm's "modern" flute, with its elaborate key

## III.

## CANTVS.



Eyes leave off your weeping, Loue hath the thoughts in  
 keeping, That may content you: Let not this miscon- ceiving, Where comforts are re-  
 ceiving, Causles tor- ment you. Let, &c.

FFP F P PFP F P PFP P P

Let, &c.

2 Cloudes threaten but a shower,  
 Hope hath his happy house,  
 Though long in lasting,  
 Time needs must be attended,  
 Loue must not be offended  
 With too much hasting.

3 But O the painfull pleasure,  
 Where Loue attends the leasure  
 Of liues wretchednesse :  
 Where Hope is but illusion,  
 And Feare is but confusio  
 Of Loues happinesse.

4 But happy Hope that feeth  
 How Hope and Hap agreed,  
 Of life deprive me,  
 Or let me be assured,  
 When life hath death endured,  
 Loue will reuive me.

A SONG BY ROBERT HALES, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAVOURITE  
 SINGER

(from "A Musicall Banquet, 1610)

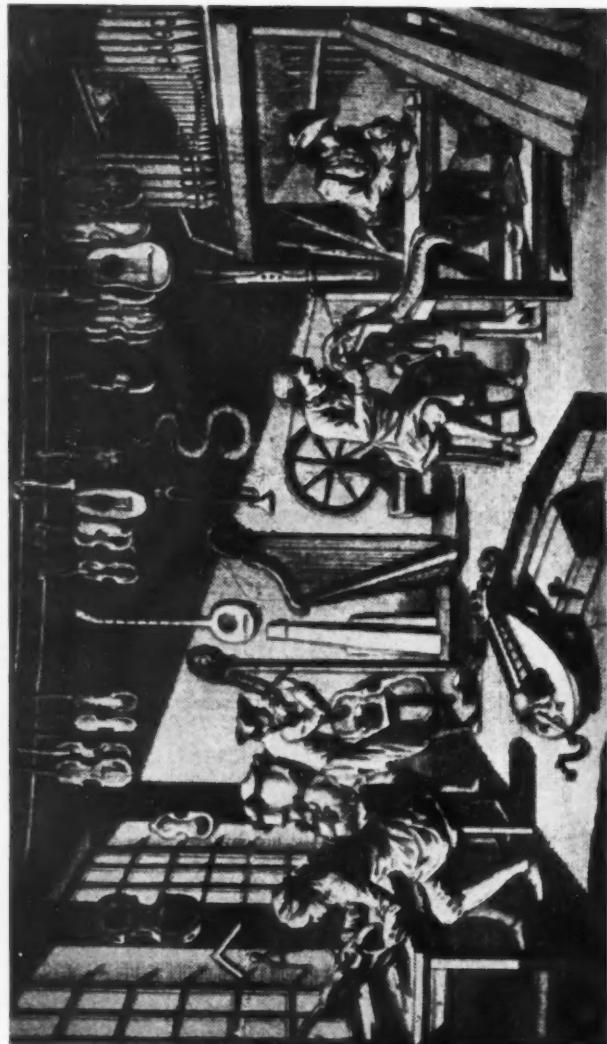


DOMENICO SCARLATTI (1685-1757)

*(Reproduced by courtesy of Professor Reynaldo dos Santos)*



DETAIL OF THE SCARLATTI PORTRAIT



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WORKSHOP  
(from Diderot's "Encyclopédie")

mechanisation. Dr. Scholes mentions 1840 as being the date at which Boehm flutes were being advertised in musical journals in England.

One may conclude that the recorder was virtually "dead" for at least half a century, if not more, in fact, until it was brought to light and life in the first years of the 20th century by Arnold Dolmetsch.

As for the "German flute" of Bach's and Handel's time, it also has been coming alive again, as listeners to some of our recent programmes must know.

THE FAVOURITE SINGER OF  
QUEEN ELIZABETH I

BY  
DIANA POULTON

THERE IS ONLY ONE composition which can with certainty be attributed to Robert Hales, and that is the beautiful little song "O eyes leave off your weeping," No. 3 in Robert Dowland's *A Muscill Banquet* (1610). But it is not primarily as a composer that Robert Hales claims our attention; it is rather for his singing and for the place he held in Elizabeth's favour that he holds our interest today.

It is, of course, a truism now, to say that Elizabeth's was the most musical court in Europe and at last we have, in England, come to recognise the true greatness of the music of this period. But even so, when we hear this music, it is often, so to speak, in cold blood, inevitably divorced from its surroundings and from the occasions for which it was written. For much of this music is occasional music. I do not for a moment mean to suggest that the music cannot stand on its own. Much of it needs no garnish for its beauty to reach us, but, as a precious stone is enriched by its setting, so a song, for example, coming as the climax of some well-planned entertainment, must have had a greater impact on its hearers than the same song, heard today, maybe, among half-a-dozen others at a concert or broadcast performance, has on us; and it is in accounts in contemporary letters and documents of some occasions when Hales performed that we get some of the clearest glimpses of the settings, both formal and intimate, which gave added significance to the singing of some of these songs.

First we see, through the eyes of William Segar, Principal King at Arms, the solemn rites which were performed at the Tilt Yard at Westminster on the Queen's Accession Day in 1590; the occasion being the retirement of Sir Henry Lee from the honorary post of Queen's Champion:

On the 17th day of November, 1590, this honourable Gentleman, together with the Earle of Cumberland, having first performed their service in armes, presented themselves unto her Highnesse, at the foot of the stairs under her gallery window, in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, where at that time her Majestie did sit, accompanied with the Viscount Turyn, Ambassador of France, many Ladie and the chiefest Nobilitie. Her Majestie, beholding these armed Knights coming towards her, did suddenly heare a musicke so sweete and secret, as every one greatly marveiled. And hearkening to that excellent melodie, the earth as it were opening, there appeared a pavilion, made of white taffeta, containing eight score elles, being in proportion, like unto the sacred Temple of the Virgins Vestall. . . . Also on one

side there stood an altar covered with cloth of gold, and thereupon two wax candles burning in rich candlesticks; upon the altar also were layd certainte princely presents, which after, by three Virgins, were presented unto her Majestie. . . .

The musicke aforesaid was accompanied by these verses, pronounced and sung by Mr. Hales, her Majesties servant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable.

My golden locks time hath to silver turned,  
(Oh time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing)  
My youth gainst age, and age at youth hath spurned;  
But spurn'd in vain, youth waineth by increasing.  
Beauty, strength and youth, flowers fading beene,  
Duty, faith, and love, are rootes and evergreen.  
My helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
And lovers songs shall turne to holy psalms;  
A Man at Armes must now sit on his knees,  
And feed on prayers that are old ages almes.  
And so from Court to Cottage I depart,  
My saine is sure of mine unspotted hart.  
And when I sadly sit in homely cell,  
Ile teach my swaines this carrol for a song.  
Blest be the hearts that thinke my sovereigne well,  
Curs'd be the soules that think to doe her wrong,  
Godesse, vouchsafe this aged man his right,  
To be your beadsman now, that was your Knight.

. . . . But to return to the purpose: These presents being with great reverence delivered into her Majesties owne hands, and he himselfe disarmed [Sir Henry Lee] offered up his armour at the foot of her Majesties crowned pillar: and kneeling upon his knees, presented the Earle of Cumberland humbly beseeching she would be pleased to accept him for Knight to continue the yeerely exercises . . . . Her Majestie gratiouly accepting of that offer, this aged Knight armed the Earle, and mounted him upon his horse. That being done he put upon his own person a side coat of blacke velvet, pointed under the arme, and covered his head (in lieu of a helmet) with a buttoned cap of the countrey fashion. . . .

The words of this song, which are attributed to John Lyly by R. Warwick Bond in his edition of the works of that poet, were set with some alterations, by John Dowland, as "His golden locks time hath to silver turned," and published in his *First Booke of Songs* in 1597. Whether this was the actual setting sung by Hales it is impossible to say, but it is pleasant to think that perhaps it was.

In the 1606 edition of the *First Booke of Songs* Dowland changed the sex of "my sovereign" in the last verse to make it suitable to there being a king seated on the throne instead of a queen.

Perhaps the most exciting moments in his life came to Hales in the great Twelfth Night festivities, held at the Palace of Whitehall in 1601. In a copy of the original memoranda of Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon, Shakespeare's master, of "things to be done to prepare the palace and to conduct the ceremonies in state" which is in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, the following instruction is found: "To appoint Musicke severally for the Queene, and some for the play in the Hall. And Hales to have one place expressly to show his owne voice." Professor Leslie Hotson, in his fascinating book

*The First Night of Twelfth Night* concludes that "the play in the Hall" was none other than Shakespeare's Twelfth Night and that the special place arranged for Hales to sing was in the song "Come away Death." He says:

"The lutenist Robert Hales (aged forty-one), 'the Orpheus of the Court' was the most excellent singer in England. If Shakespeare had to make him one place expressly to show his voice, that place is this very one; and it was Hales who on Twelfth Night sang the poignant Come away Death."

Unfortunately, as with so many of the tunes to the songs in Shakespeare's plays, no trace of the original setting of "Come Away Death" has survived.

The description of a very different occasion when Hales was again called upon to sing is found in a letter from William Browne to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated 18th September, 1602:

... I send your Lo. here inclosed some verses compounded by Mr. Secretary [Sir Robert Cecil] who got Hales to frame a ditty unto it. The occasion was as I hear, yt the young Lady Darby wearing about her neck, in her bosom, a picture whb was in a dainty tablet, the Queen, espying it, asked what fyne jewell that was: The Lady Darby was curious to excuse the shewing of it, but the Queen wold have it, and opening it, and fynding it to be Mr. Secretaryes, snachit it away, and tyed it upon her shoe, and walked long wth it there; Then she tooke it thence, and pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there also; whb Mr. Secretary being told of, made these verses, and had Hales to sing them in his chamber. It was told her Maty yt Mr. Secretary had rare musick and songs; She would needs hear them; and so this ditty was soung whb you see first written. More verses there be lykewyse, whereof som, or all, were lykewyse soung. . . .

The letter is preserved in the College of Arms, but unfortunately the verses are no longer with it. There are, however, some verses, "Though your strangeness frets my heart," which were set both by Thomas Campian and Robert Jones and which seem so clearly to refer to Lady Darby and the portrait which she was "wearing about her neck, in her bosom" that it is not unreasonable to suggest that these may have been the very ones, and if Hales was not a ready composer, as the survival of only a single song seems to indicate, he may have handed the job over to one of the other two composers to write for him.

In *A Musicall Banquet* Hales is described as Groom of Her Majesty's Privy Chamber, and in this office he seems to have had excellent opportunities of gaining the Queen's private ear from time to time. Many years after the death of both the Earl of Essex and the Queen, Sir Henry Wotton, one time Secretary to Essex, records an incident in which Hales, through the pleasure that Elizabeth took in his singing, was made to play a part in the tortured relationship which existed between that extraordinary young man, and his even more extraordinary Sovereign:

There was another time long after, when Sir Fulke Grevill (late Lord Brooke) a man in appearance intrinsecal with him, or at least admitted to his Melancholy hours, eyther belike espying some weariness in the Queene, or perhaps with little change of the word though more in the danger some wariness towards him, and

working upon the present matter (as he was dextrous and close) had almost super-induced into favour the Earle of Southampton; which yet being timely discovered, my Lord of Essex chose to evaporate his thoughts in a Sonnet (being his common way) to be sung before the Queen (as it was) by one Hales, in whose voice she took some pleasure; whereof the couplet, me thinkes, had as much of the Hermit as of the Poet:

And if thou shouldest by Her be now forsaken,  
She made thy Heart too strong for to be shaken.

As if he had beene casting one eye backe at the least to his former retired-nesse. But all this likewise quickly vanished, and there was a good while after faire weather over-head. . . .\*

One other work exists which is associated with Hales, a piece for the lute called "Maister Hayls Gallard." It is found on f. 33 of the Thysius MS. There is, however, considerable confusion about the authorship of this piece. It is also found in British Museum Add. 31392 and in Cambridge University Library Dd. 2. 11. where it is attributed to Cutting, and in the lute MS. in Bishop Marsh's Library, Dublin, it has the name Alfonso (Ferrabosco) attached. It is also written out in the Glasgow MS. with no name given. It was evidently a very popular piece, and possibly whoever copied it into the Thysius MS. gave it the name of Hales, not as denoting authorship, but as a compliment to the distinguished singer.

The final service that Hales was to perform for his royal mistress was to play as one of "the lutes" at her funeral in 1603.

He continued at Court throughout the reign of James I, as one of "the lutes," at a salary of £40, although he does not seem to have taken the same prominent part in the life of James's Court as he did in that of Elizabeth I.

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\*A Parallel between / Robert late Earle of Essex, and / George late Duke of Buckingham. Written by Sir Henry Wotton . . . London, 1641.

JOHN JENKINS

BY

NATHALIE DOLMETSCH

MANY GREAT COMPOSERS have died young, leaving us to regret the work they might have composed in their maturer years; John Jenkins was one of the happy exceptions to this rule. Born in 1592 in the reign of Elizabeth I, he died in 1678, in the reign of Charles II. Though his birthplace was Maidstone, Jenkins was brought up in Norfolk, under the musical patronage of two gentlemen, one of the name of Deering or Deerham, and the other Sir Hamon L'Estrange. Under their patronage, he became a fine player of the treble and bass viols and the lute, and was appointed one of the musicians of Charles I. He soon attained fame as a composer, in particular, of consorts of viols. After the execution of Charles I, Jenkins, in company with many of the King's musicians, retired to the country, and there supported himself by teaching.

In 1660, with the return of Charles II, the Chapel Royal was restored and Jenkins was recalled with the other Gentlemen of the Chapel, but on account of his age (he was then sixty-eight) and of his great reputation as a composer, he was allowed to draw his salary without actually performing, a mark of extraordinary consideration on the part of the King, and of Jenkins' fellow musicians. From 1660 to 1667, therefore, he lived in the house of Lord North, where he was very kindly treated and given full freedom to continue composing his music. His official position in the house was that of music master to Lord North's two sons, Francis and Roger, and he instructed them, as boys, both in composition and in playing on the treble viol. We have Roger's account of the pleasure he took in his little instrument after he had really applied himself to its study, and of how, in manhood, he changed to the bass viol.

Roger North studied Law as a profession and finally became Attorney-General. He continued, however, to be a great amateur of music, and in his Autobiography, and "Memoires of Musick," he gives us much information about Jenkins and insight into his character.

"He was," says Roger North, "a man of much easier temper than any of his faculty, he was neither conceited nor morose, but much a gentleman . . . he was an innovator in the days of Alphonso [Ferrabosco], Lupo, Coperario and Lawes and superinduced a more airy sort of composition, wherein he had a fluent and happy fancy. And his way took with the age lived in, which was a great happiness to him, but he lived so long that he saw himself outrun and antiquated. . . . He much admired the books of Signor Nicola Matheis [two collections of Airs for the violin] which I brought him from London and shewed him, and by that declared a candour seldom found in the masters, who off-hand despise all but themselves."

Roger North mentions this incident again in his "Musicall Gramarian" (the first part of his "Memoirs of Musick"):

"He [Jenkins] was not morose nor puffed at other mens works as at novelts. I shewed him a peice of old Nichola which begins ye 2 booke and consists of double notes in G sharp. He touched them over and pulling off his spectacles clapt his hand on ye book and declared he had never heard so good a peice of musick, in all his life."

John Jenkins belonged in effect to two periods in music. Of the great quantity of very fine consorts for viols which he composed, the earlier works are in the serious grave style of the great Fantasy writers who flourished under Charles I, whilst the later works show that "more airy sort of composition" spoken of by Roger North, in keeping with the lighter and livelier styles that fashion brought with Charles II to England. Charming as are these later compositions, we are able to see that maturity does not inevitably bring greater inspiration and achievement.

There is, in the compositions of Jenkins, an essential sweetness which appears to have been in the nature of the man. Though he experimented in his earlier years with the fierce contrapuntal clashes and discords, used with such galvanising effect by Coperario and William Lawes, Jenkins cannot override this characteristic quality and only succeeds in adding a spice to his sweetness.

Besides his consorts for viols, Jenkins wrote a number of songs, and, in compliance with the growing demand for violin music, brilliant sonatas for one or for two violins with a "concertante" viola da gamba part and a thoroughbass for the organ.

In his old age, he lived at the house of Sir Philip Wodehouse, Bart., at Kimberley, Norfolk, where he died in 1678. In his life he appears to have had no enemies and many friends. Christopher Simpson had a great affection for him, and he, a great admiration for Simpson. An energetic and lively poem in praise of Simpson was written by Jenkins, to be included in the first edition of Simpson's "Division-Violist."\* The last verse in particular deserves to be quoted:

Pack hence you Pedants, such as do brag  
 Of Knowledge, Hand, or Notes; yet not one Ragg  
 Of Musick have, more than what got by Theft,  
 Nor know true Posture of Right hand or Left;  
 False finger'd Crew, who seem to understand,  
 Pretend to make when you but marre a hand.  
 You may, desist, you'll find your Trade decay:  
 Simpson's great Work will teach the World to play.

\* Called "Division-Viol" in succeeding editions.

Anthony Wood, the diarist, described Jenkins as "a little man with a great soul." He was buried at Kimberley, and in the Chancel floor of the Church is a stone slab bearing the following inscription :

Under this stone Rare Jenkins lie  
 The Master of the Music Art  
 Whom from ye earth the God on High  
 Calld unto him to bear his part  
 Aged eighty-six October twenty-seven  
 In Anno seventy eight he went to Heaven.

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A NOTE ON THE SCARLATTI PORTRAIT

Mr. C. Vere Pilkington, after seeing the picture in Portugal, has kindly given me some particulars about the painting.

Scarlatti is wearing a grey-brown coat which has cuffs of gold with green embroidery, a gold waistcoat with touches of green, and suspended from a red ribbon is the Order of Santiago surrounded by brilliants, which was bestowed on him in 1738. His eyes are of a grey-blue with flecks of brown. The letter he holds in his left hand is addressed "Al Signor D. Dom. Scarlatti." The shallow harpsichord on which his right hand is resting is of an unusual stone colour. The curtain behind him is green-blue. The portrait is very well painted. It now forms part of a collection of works of art in Alpiarca, near Santarem, presented to his native village by Senhor José Relvas, former Portuguese Ambassador to Madrid. He had bought it from a dealer to whom members of the Scarlatti family had sold it in 1912, since when it had been missing.

It is a fortunate but happy coincidence that we are able to publish it in 1957, the bicentenary year of the composer's death.

*Editor.*





## THE CONSORT

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